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THE
Wheel of Fortune:

O R,

Nothing for a Penny.

BEING

Remarks on the drawing the Penny-Lottery, at the THEATRE-ROYAL, in *Dorset-Garden*, with the Characters of some of the *Honourable Trustees*, and all due acknowledgments paid to his Honour the Undertaker.

————— *Memento turbinis exit,*
Macrus Davus, Perf.

Written by a Person who was cursed Mad he had not the Thousand pound Lot.

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T H E
 Wheel of FORTUNE
 O R,
 Nothing for a Penny.

D *Ame Fortune assist,*
 If you please, or you list,
 Whilst I sing in the praise of a fancy,
 Which has gather'd the Croud,
 Rich, Poor, and Proud,
 From her Grace down to *Susan* and *Nancy*.
 We should do 'em much wrong
 Not to praise the dull Throng,
 And admire how the Devil so many
 Could venture together,
 In these sharp *times* and *weather*,
 And all for one pitiful Penny.
 But the thing which in chief,
 Will suspend our belief,

Because so uncommon and rare,
 Is that this happn'd out
 When the *Rabble* and *Rout*,
 Should have paid their respects at *Horn-fair*,
 For the *Cit* was afraid
 Should he with *Fork* and *Spade*,
 Like a true *London Cuckold* advance,
 Some more lucky *Sot*,
 Had march'd off with his *Lot*,
 And that was the *Thousand pound Chance*.
 But no more of the *Cits*,
 If we're in our right *Wits*,
 And *Reverence* the *Sword* and the *Mace*,
 For *Sir H*—— won't suffer
 Nor *Flouter* nor *scoffer*.
 Those he's the chief of, to disgrace.
 Wherefore let us proceed
 To give those, who can read
 An account of the wise *Undertaker*,
 And as far as we dare
 Tho' the *Cuckolds* we spare,
 Make bold with the brisk *Cuckold-maker*,
 The *Wheel's* being plac'd
 And *Lacker'd* and *grac'd*
 Like a *Chariot of Triumph* or *State*,
 The *Mob*, *Sir*, and *Gentry*,
 At one time make their entry,
 And promiscuously take each their place,
 Here *Sarah* and *Moll*
 Sit with *Richard* and *Paul*,

And

And a Person of Quality by 'em ;
 Who with Hat lowring down
 Casts many a frown
 Because Sir, *his Honour's* so nigh 'em.
 But no matter for that
 They ne're mind his *Hat*,
 But keep gaping, and talking, and staring ;
 Whilst *state* keeps the Lord,
 From saying one word,
 And much try's his Lordship's forbearing.
 Look ye, Sarah, says Paul,
 Our Old Master's Hall,
 Is a booby to thick zame vine place ;
 Z'wounds, Girl, thick holds more,
 Than his by zome score,
 And looks in a much better case.
 Vaith, if yonder Dame Vortune,
 Behind that zame Curtain,
 Will a thousand pound give for my Penny ;
 Why, mun, Thee and I,
 Shall have mony to buy
 ▲ Barn that will hold full as many.
 I vow, and indeed,
 If I shou'd zucceed
 We'd have Roast-mear, besides upon Zunday :
 And e cod, Girl, a Witch
 Said I should be rich,
 As the Parson himself should be one day.
 When up flew the Curtain
 And shew'd Goddess's Fortune,

Triumphantly plac'd on a Throne :
 Lord ! how each beg'd and pray'd
 For her Ladiships aid !
 Tho' they had as well let her alone.
 For regardless she sate,
 'Midst her Pomp and her State,
 Nor dar'd promise any her Favour,
 Whilst a Goddess sate by
 And with piercing eye,
 Observ'd her designs and behaviour.
 For the Deity Justice
 Sate over the *Trustees*,
 And his *Honour* the noble Inventer ;
 And upon my word,
 Her *Scales* and her *Sword*,
 Would have been too hard for bad intent here.
 Beneath Fortune that Goddess
 Stood one not over modish,
 With his Hat in his hand and beseeching,
 That her Ladiship wou'd
 Use his words which were good,
 And his Prologue to make her speech in.
 'Twas a Poet it seems
 With his Fancies and Dreams,
 But, Lord ! what a figure he made !
 How he squeez'd when the Lady
 Was not over ready,
 And repeated not what he had said !
 As the Prologue was spoke
 Without good fence or joke,

So a Lord of high Title and Birth,
 First vow'd he was just,
 And in Sirs he thrust
 The Tickets, which caus'd mighty mirth.
 Those who were before sad
 Look'd jocund and glad,
 Not doubting but right would be done ;
 Since a Peer who laid claim
 To Honour and Fame,
 Swore all should be paid that was won,
 For tho' we all knew
 'Twas certain and true,
 That the Tickets should all be drawn out,
 Yet some were afraid
 They would never be paid,
 And at what time they will's yet a doubt.
 There was none but could read
 What his Lordship had said,
 In the *Majors* boon Air and his Mein ;
 For how could he do wrong,
 Who had such a fine Tongue,
 And whose face, and whose hands were so clean ?
 Tho' some who were there,
 Did not stick to declare,
 That his Honour was not a great Wit ;
 Yet I vow and protest
 He's as wise as the best
 If they can ne'er be foolish who get.
 For what needed he mind,
 Whether Lame, Sick, or Blind

The

The *one Thousand pound* Ticket should win;

When all of us knew

He himself would gain two,

If I said more it could be no sin?

In a close Mourning suit,

Majestick and mute,

Like a true man of breeding he sat.

And would not so much

As offend with a touch,

The Mob, or his Wig, with his Hat,

But a Doctor, whose head

Was not so well bred,

Cock'd his Felt to a Hair on his Crown;

And swore 'twas not Law

To be kept so in awe

Of the scum of the Land, the Mob's frown.

With his eyes on his nose

His worship arose,

I should say his Honour, for he,

Tho' he's lost all his places

And at Court in disgrace is,

Has gain'd the name of a *Trustee*.

There's nothing that's evil,

Said Man of *Law-Civil*

Intended by small or great Wheel,

Can you think a Lord's Brother,

Will do as another,

Or Quality act any ill?

By *Digests* and *Codes*,

There are no greater Odds,

The

Than one Thousand eight Hundred to One,
 And that is not many,
 For a Lot's but a Penny,
 And I stand here to see Justice done.
 Can ye think, Sirs, one bred
 To write and to read
 As I, will pass by a deceit?
 No, I'll lay a wager,
 His Honour the Major,
 Has not a bad thought in his Pate.
 Why Sirs, I am known
 To Country and Town,
 And have pleaded for Pirate and Thief,
 And tho' Judges and Jury
 Would not hear me, I assure ye,
 I can't but deserve your belief.
 The folks could not say no,
 'Cause he made such a show,
 And was one of the *fam'd Overseers*,
 Tho' he might then have known
 What they thought would be done,
 Had his eyes but kept watch with his Ears.
 For those who were told
 How clam'rous and bold
 He had been in his *Advocate's* place,
 Thought his condescension
 To such an Invention
 Had very much alter'd the Case.
 And, in troth, it was mean
 For him to be seen

For a poor, sorry, penny chance pleading,
 Who ne'er would make a plea
 Without a pound Fee,
 And very good drinking and feeding :
 But some who would excuse,
 Said, he ought not to refuse
 A Place of such Honour and State ;
 Since he would never lack,
 No good Fowls or good Sack,
 Which men of the Law never hate.
 But this may suffice
 As the *Pulpiter* crys,
 Who nothing sufficient has shewn,
 For both I and you know,
 That *Crimine ac uno*
 The faults of the *rest* may be known.
 The Lots and the Prizes
 Of all sorts and sizes,
 Being plac'd in the Wheels as design'd,
 A Boy at each Wheel
 Stood ready to feel
 If her Ladiship *Fortune* was kind.
 But me thought the Undertaker
 Made a mighty mistake here
 In sending for Boys from a place,
 As the house of Correction
 To give their inspection
 In a thing of such Grandure and Grace :
 For how could he suppose
 Any credit from thole

Who

Who are bred amongst Thieves, and are taught

To *sink* and to *palm*

Without any Qualm,

And whose livelihood is to be nought.

Tho' some thought it just

That they should have that trust,

As agreeable to the plot laid

For the Devil a bit,

Did the Men of Wit,

If they *won* believe they should be *paid*.

The fair Mrs *Wife*

Got the Fortunate prize.

If *Post-boys* and *Post-men*, are true,

Tho' what she'll receive

Gentle Readers I leave

To such *Politicians* as you.

This I am sure of, that she

May have you, him, or me,

If they justly and honestly pay her,

For a Thousand pound Sterlin

Will make any Girl in

The Kingdom, succeed in her prayer :

But have it or not,

She'll ne'er like such a sot

As the Person who writing now is,

For it is his damn'd fate

Neither splay-foot nor strait,

E're yet fell in love with his Phiz.

Wherefore *Fortune* and *Justice*

Undertaker and *Trustees*,

And

(10)

And Cashiers and Bankers adieu,
For it is but fitting
There should be some greeting
At parting between me and you,
I have no more to say,
If you will you may pay,
If you wo'nt you may take to your heels,
For, Zouns I have lost
Ev'ry Jack, to my cost,
And along with your damn'd Wheels.

F I N I S.

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